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HEROES

CHAPTER 77

ON THE LAM

After the voting machines were hacked, Linderman's former software engineer, Brian, went into hiding for fear of Linderman's wrath. He decided to hide out in the open and work at a long forgotten hotel…until hearing the news of Linderman's death and the demolition of The Corinthian Hotel.

THE CORINTHIAN CASINO.

OVER TWO MILLION SQUARE FEET OF CONCRETE, STEEL, ITALIAN MARBLE, SLOT MACHINES, CHROME BIDETS AND IN-ROOM MOVIE THEATERS.

Live From Las Vegas

THE BRAINCHILD OF ENTREPRENEUR DANIEL LINDERMAN, IT'S A SPRAWLING MONUMENT TO *EXCESS*.

AND THAT FITS LINDERMAN *PERFECTLY.*

LINDERMAN WAS MY BOSS, THOUGH TO THIS DAY, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE HOW HE FOUND ME IN THE FIRST PLACE.

I WAS FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE, STRUGGLING TO EARN A LIVING, TOILING AT A FEW MEANINGLESS I.T. JOBS.

THEN, OUT OF NOWHERE, I GOT THE CALL.

DANIEL LINDERMAN WANTED TO MEET ME.

ON THE LAM

DAVID WOHL *Writer*

ERIC NGUYEN *Art*

SHADEDGREY PRODUCTIONS *Colors*

COMICRAFT *Lettering*

NANCI QUESADA *Editor*

IN THIS TOWN, LINDERMAN WAS LIKE ROYALTY.

The CORINTHIAN

HE WAS ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO ALWAYS POPPED UP IN THE GOSSIP RAGS, CONNECTED TO THIS BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS OR THAT ORGANIZED CRIME FIGURE.

HE MADE ME AN OFFER I COULDN'T REFUSE...

...AND I HAD *NO PROBLEM* GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

TRADER VIC'S

MY FIRST JOB WAS TO DESIGN THE CORINTHIAN'S WEBSITE...

...AFTER DOING A BIT OF *RESEARCH*, OF COURSE.

YEAH, LIFE WAS GOOD...

...UNTIL HE ASKED ME TO DO A "FAVOR" FOR A FRIEND -- A NEW YORK POLITICIAN NAMED *NATHAN PETRELLI.*

MY JOB WAS TO HELP PETRELLI GET ELECTED, WITH A LITTLE ASSISTANCE FROM SOME OTHER PROGRAMMERS AND AN UNSUSPECTING NEW YORK ELECTION OFFICIAL.

SINCE THE VOTING MACHINES WERE OWNED BY LINDERMAN, IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO DOCTOR THE RESULTS WITH A PIECE OF SOFTWARE CALLED A *LOGIC BOMB.*

PROBLEM WAS... WE GOT HACKED.

WITH THE ELECTION SUDDENLY IN SHAMBLES, LINDERMAN WAS LIVID.

I'D HEARD STORIES ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GUYS WHO ENDED UP ON HIS BAD SIDE...

...AND SINCE I HAD NO INTENTION OF JOINING THEM AT THE BOTTOM OF LAKE MEAD, I TOOK OFF.

WITH THE HELP OF SOME CONNECTIONS I PICKED UP OVER THE YEARS, I CREATED A NEW IDENTITY FOR MYSELF AND WAS ABLE TO SLIP THROUGH THE CRACKS.

111B
welcome to
Las Vegas
AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARED, PETRELLI STILL WON THE ELECTION. EVEN NOW, I'M NOT SURE HOW.
AND ME, WELL, I CAME BACK HOME.
I STOLE A TRICK FROM THE MOVIES AND DECIDED TO HIDE OUT IN THE OPEN.
BAR
JACKPOTS
CASINO
FROM WHAT I WAS HEARING, LINDERMAN HAD *BIGGER* THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.
SO I GOT A JOB AS A DOLLAR BLACKJACK DEALER AT A DOWNTOWN CASINO IN VEGAS.
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE BROKEN DOWN JOINTS THAT TIME FORGOT...
...WHERE THE COCKTAIL WAITRESSES USED TO DANCE AT THE LIDO AND THE PATRONS WERE STRICTLY *LOCAL*.
THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE NOBODY ASKED QUESTIONS...

...AND THE DAYS WERE ALL THE SAME.

NOW I LIVE HERE, IN AN ABANDONED NUCLEAR FALLOUT SHELTER.

WHEN I TELL PEOPLE, THEY THINK I'M BEING TRENDY. BUT I'M REALLY JUST BROKE.

RUNNING FROM LINDERMAN COST ME EVERYTHING...

...BUT AT LEAST I'M STILL ALIVE.

UNLIKE LINDERMAN.

Live from Las Vegas

TOO MANY ENEMIES, I GUESS.

AND AS THE LAST VESTIGES OF HIS EMPIRE CRUMBLE TO THE GROUND, I REALIZE THAT IT'S TIME FOR ME TO COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

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...I realize that it's time for me to come out of the shadows.

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO START ASKING QUESTIONS: WHO RUINED MY LIFE, AND *WHY?*

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It's time for me to start asking questions: who ruined my life, and **why?**

It's time for me...to get **even.**

IT'S TIME FOR ME... TO GET ***EVEN.***